

Lexington Caucasian.

Sam. Cox, the influential tycoon of the house, is spoken of in connection with the speaker.

The old hero, Gen. James Shields, seems likely to be made speaker of the legislature almost by acclamation.

Our learned and eloquent friend, Dr. W. M. Frothingham, seems to be the general favorite for secretary of the state senate. No better man in the state.

Subscribers! Friends! Remember! No more papers after the 1st of January, except to those who have paid in advance. We can't furnish papers for nothing, and pay postage to boot.

On the outside of our paper we republish the marvelous Brazilian wedding sketch, which has been begged nearly every paper in America. A bigger or better concoction has rarely appeared in print.

If Governor Hardin, by firmness and determination, succeeds in crushing out Missouri lawlessness, and rendering this once more a civilized land, he is the next Democratic candidate for Vice President. Mark that. Its prophecy now; it will be history two years hence.

The Caucasian yet stands to its opinion that, in the senatorial fight, Cockrell is incalculably ahead of all competitors; and that, next after him, Wilson Hatchins, though not an avowed candidate, has more real strength than any other man in the state.

Another postponement of the "Fifth Grand Louisville Library Covert." A few days of grace for the palpable bungler. Ticket-holders' gone off this time as they did on previous occasions. As this is the last "concert," it is probable that the affair will burst up before the time of the next drawing and leave the duped to whistle for their money. If so, the people will not feel an over demand of sympathy.

Our old friend, Henry R. Moore, of Jefferson City, is a candidate for sergeant-at-arms of the senate. He is a gentleman of the old school; a Democrat of the straightest stripe; a high-spirited, earnest, honest Southern man. He is thoroughly qualified for the position, and would fill it with advantage to the state and credit to himself. He claims upon the party are many, and for long and arduous services; and, no matter who may be his competitors, we hope he will be remembered.

Nobody proposed to elect Frank Cockrell Senator, because he was simply a Confederate General. While to be the kind of a one he was, would reflect no discredit on any man, his friends base his claims on different grounds. It is the intrinsic merit of the man that has in six months made him the idol of Missourians. The bravery, the honor, the fortitude and the ability he exhibited as a soldier, are the historic elements about him that the people love. It is easy to find one who was in the Confederate cause. This is not what we seek. It is the man we want, and the whole state declares the man is Cockrell.

Gone. The New York Republic. That true-blue Radical organ. Two weeks were enough for it. Up like a rocket, down like a stick. So soon done, why began? The news comes stinging on the wires, that politicians went back on the poor thing. Senator Jones, of Nevada, it was said, had promised to put in a clean hundred thousand. Grant was to put in a goodly sum. Many others of the truly loyal and of the truly hard-money style, were to contribute. No paper in the great metropolis was straight out enough. Not even the Times, not even Harper's Weekly—not even anything. Something had to be done to support the policy of the sinking administration. A paper must be started that would befriend and persecute the South, that would maintain and foster the old war spirit. So the Republic, two weeks ago, came forth professing to be the organ of the Radical party. But its song is sung and its work is over. The November election came along and threw a chill over the old hopes of the organ. Things went badly. Subscriptions didn't come in. Sales were not made. Daily circulation only 3,000 copies. —\$35,000 in debt—busted is the word.

CAUCASIAN FRIENDS!

After the 1st of January, the new postal law compels us to pay postage in advance, on every copy of our paper that leaves the county. There are multitudes of you, who own us your subscriptions for weeks, for months, and some of you for years, past. We like you all. We're glad to furnish you a paper that the whole civilized world pronounces Good. But we can't afford to furnish it for nothing, and pay postage to boot. So, much as we should hate to part with one of you, we will be forced, in tears and sadness, to cut off our little, the 1st day of January, every name that is not paid up in full. Friend! We mean you—not some other fellow! Pay up, or we can't give you our hand and say farewell!

OUR COUNTY DEBT.

Can Its Payment Be Hastened?

Can we resist the payment of the vast incumbrance—much of it illegally, fraudulently and wrongfully imposed—that is crushing the very life out of the fairest county in Missouri, in the West, in the wide Union? Certainly the payment can be resisted, but what then? Bondholders, in this thieves' era, are far better protected by the law than their debtors.

Long and soundly experience has generally taught them to guard well their private interests. That the law should guarantee to them the payment of all honest dues, is just and proper. But that an "innocent" bondholder has the right to enforce the payment of a debt fraudulently, dishonestly or violently imposed, we don't believe, nay, we boldly declare he has not. If a thief steals your horse and sells it, for a hundred dollars, to an innocent purchaser, that purchaser is compelled to surrender the stolen animal whenever you, the rightful owner, come along and claim it. He has to look to the thief and not to you, for his money. In such a case, the loss is very apt to fall on an innocent purchaser. Now, if certain bonds have been wrongfully and fraudulently obtained from the people of Lafayette county—obtained by illegal issues or transfers of subscriptions—obtained by votes of pitiful ruffianism, against the will of the tax-paying majority, it would be an equivalent to render an equivalent in the shape of a railroad, which have never been and never will be fulfilled—and if these fraudulently, thievishly, piratically obtained bonds have been sold by those who thus got them, the question arises to whom shall the present holders look for payment. Our people justly regard them as so much stolen property, and hold themselves in no way, rightfully, bound to pay them. In equity, we have the same right to refuse to pay these bonds, that the true owner has to decline paying for his stolen horse which he finds in the hands of an unsuspecting purchaser. To illustrate still more plainly: Suppose Missouri's pigs, the train-robbers, should, in one of their brilliant dashes, seize a wagon-load of bonds and notes, and shortly afterward sell them to innocent parties, and pocket the proceeds. The Express Company, in whose charge they were, finds them—every number and mark corresponding to the messenger's way-bill of the day of shipment. Would not that company have a right to seize every one of them, no matter in whose hands found or on whom the loss should fall? Much of this county's indebtedness presents a case similar to that. Many of our outstanding bonded evidences of debt were just as dishonestly obtained by those who sold them, and their proceeds, by thousands and tens of thousands of dollars, were prodigally squandered or pocketed by their thievish manipulators. In many instances, their issue was in direct defiance of the will of an overwhelming majority of the tax payers who have the burden to bear; and the equivalent for has never been given. In one glaring instance, \$75,000 was voted by an insignificant minority—most of them non-tax-payers—to a piratical corporation across the river, on certain express conditions, not one of which has ever been complied with. In another instance, a vastly larger sum was voted by about one tenth of the voting population, and a large part of those who did vote, big game and non-tax-payers, on the positive, hundred-fold repeated, written and poken contract of certain men, to give a railroad in return for it. They have never yet given, and never will give, a hand-car, or a wheelbarrow for the vast sums entrusted to them. Now, the question is can any people rightfully be compelled to pay such monstrously fraudulent debts? We answer a thousand times NO! But what if we refuse to pay them? The answer is simple, and the thieving bond case of Macoupin county, Illinois, furnishes an illustration. Suits will be instituted—as they have already been. The decisions of bondholder bought and paid-for courts will always be adverse to the plundered people. The County Court will be ordered to make a special levy. If the court registers, United States Marshals will be sent into the county, to make levies, and sell property under execution. Enough of every man's property will be offered for sale to pay his proportional share of the amount due. This might be resisted by force; a few marauders and desperadoes shot; and a brief respite secured. But the power of the federal government would speedily be invoked, and Yankee cavalry would garrison our towns and scour the country. Now, this is not a very comfortable picture, and yet we must face it. Some of these bonds will soon fall due. To meet the more interest is a gigantic burden—would once have been a mighty task for our whole state. What shall we do when both principal and interest fall due—that principal, one eighth of the whole assessed value of the county? The question presses for a reply. Only a few days ago, the U. S. Deputy Marshal went to Pleasant Hill, Cass county, to serve notice on the mayor and council, to enforce the payment of some winding railroad bonds. The mayor was found, but the councilmen, who alone have power to levy a tax, were

not. So the work has begun. What shall we do? Here's our answer in few words: We can't repudiate just yet; though, in the days of universal panic, bankruptcy, smash-up and ruin, ahead of this whole Yankee nation, it may not be long until we can. But there are means of defence. When the courts decide against us, let all our worthy officers, who have anything to do with making or collecting levies, at once resign. Then, when the marshals and their deputies pour in to begin their forced sales, let the whole county resolve itself into one vast Protective League. Let every man within our borders sign a solemn pledge not to aid or pay any property put up for sale; and swear to treat as a public enemy, him who does. If no buyers can be found, properly can be sold. If the state buys in the land, it can't do anything with it, for no man, but the rightful owner, would dare attempt to live on it. And there is no instance on record of a whole people, civilized, intelligent, free-born and brave, ever being dispossessed of their homes. Cases, Bates and many other strong, wealthy and populous counties would gladly join such a league. And, with the proud banner of "Right or Revolution" unfurled, so would be invincible and secure from the spoiler's hand.

FRANK COCKRELL.

"The Gordon of the West."

Among so many candidates, it is wonderful how overwhelmingly popular sentiment turns to Cockrell. "Gordon of the West," we say? Nay, it would be wonderful did not lower aloft, among all the good and great and estimable sons of our noble commonwealth, a very "Saul among the prophets"—head and shoulders above the tallest. Over fifty of the ablest papers in the state, enthusiastically for him. Letter-writers all over our wide domain, adorning him. Conventions and town-meetings instructing for him. And in all the mighty chorus in his honor, not one discordant note except an occasional faint outburst from down about Sedalia. Verily, a grand following, and a worthy leader.

Well does the New York World propose him "the Gordon of the West." Gordon, at the close of the war, stood foremost among all the division commanders of Lee's heroic Army of Northern Virginia. Stone-wall Jackson's mantle seemed to have fallen from the chariot of fire, which swept his glorious horse and up to God, upon the shoulders of the tall young Georgia chieftain. And in the days of peace, he has shown himself as wise in council as he was daring in fight. The fire of a magnificent spirit, of genius born of the skies, lights up his scar-seamed, noble face. And he stands in the Senate, to-day, the South's loftiest, truest exemplar and representative.

Cockrell will be his Western counterpart. Missouri will stand aside with Georgia. A native-born son of the state. A farmer, knowing the wants and necessities of the great toiling agricultural masses. Of the people, and in sympathy with them. A lawyer, profoundly skilled in the fundamental principles of our constitution and government. And withal, spotless, above reproach or suspicion, in all his public and private life—a high-spirited, warm-hearted, Christian gentleman. All he lacks is the experience, and the polish that comes by noble friction, to render him the peer of any son of any state, in the nation's highest councils.

During the war, when the South needed giants in arms, his record was worthy of Sparta's most illustrious days. Shot through coat and vest, at Res. Ridge, in March, '62. Struck by a piece of a shell in the leg, and scraped on the throat by a minnie-ball, at Corinth, in October, '62. His horse shot under him at Port Gibson, in May, '63. Blown up and badly bruised at Vicksburg, in July, '63. Struck in the hand by a shell, at Kennesaw Mountain, in June, '64. And dragged out from under his dead horse, with bullet wounds in one arm and both legs, on the fatal field of Franklin, in November, '64. Always and every-where, at the head of his famous brigade, where the battle was hottest and the bullets were thickest; his was a war record of which the mightiest Paladins that followed Char de Lion to the Holy Land, need not have been ashamed.

And since the bugles sang truce, how modest, how forbearing, how prudent his whole career. Settling quietly down to the practice of his profession. Ever counseling moderation and peace. So gently has the current of his life flowed that, until the opening of the recent campaign, few people outside of his own immediate neighborhood had ever seen him. No brawling, long-tongued demagogue, he had taken no part in the angry discussions of political scrap-squabbles at the hustings, and on the stump. And it was only when the people, having got a glimpse of his glorious manhood at the gubernatorial convention, overwhelmingly summoned him from his retirement, that he connected to appear at all among the politicians. The people have now seen him; they have met him; they know his bearing, his ability, his goodness; and they feel, from the Iowa line to the Boston Mountains, that he is, of all the men whose names have been mentioned, pre-eminently the fittest one to succeed the illustrious General master of rhetoric, logic and sophistry—Carl Schurz.

The St. Joseph Gazette has been purchased for the very small sum of \$15,000, by Geo. W. Belt and Frank M. Telford of Platte City, Mo., and J. B. Maynard, of Louisville, Ky. Mr. Belt has been a banker in Platte City, and sustains the reputation of being a stirring, energetic man. He has ample means with which to back the enterprise. Mr. Telford has long been Clerk of the Platte county Circuit Court, and is one of the most polished and thorough gentlemen in northwestern Missouri. He has good literary ability as well as the finest business qualifications. Mr. Maynard is an old newspaper man and has achieved considerable reputation. He was once connected with the Louisville Journal, while under the management of Geo. D. Prentiss, and has lately been on the staff of the Louisville Ledger. He will be editor-in-chief of the Gazette, with Mr. Telford as associate and Mr. Belt as business manager. Under this new management, a paper that has long been a failure, may now prove successful. It has depreciated, in value, \$10,000 in one year, and was simply dragging out a losing existence when these gentlemen bought it. We welcome the new firm into the field of Missouri journalism and bespeak for the Gazette a prosperous career.

BASCALS ALL.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, Nov. 19, 1874. CAUCASIAN: Next to robbing the treasury of their country, nothing so much delights the Yanks as vile, unscrupulous flings at Missouri, as vile as the following from the Omaha Bee:

One of the strongest arguments in favor of immigration to Nebraska, is the fact that she ranks next to Massachusetts in point of educational endowment. While Nebraska expects \$11 per capita annually for the education of persons of a school age, Kansas expects \$11.30, Kansas, \$7.64, and Missouri only \$2.64.

In the western countries of Nebraska, where there is not a child of age to attend school, the impetuous "homesteaders" vote taxes "for school purposes" on the non-resident land-owners or the railroads. The school houses are useful both as advertisements of the progress of the country and as residences. Again in another county where a family does live, the paternalistic votes the taxes as before mentioned, builds a school-house, moves into it, and pays himself and his wife for educating their own children. Under these circumstances, the educational endowment per capita is very generous, but the principal education that takes place is educating the people in dishonesty. The brood to which the Omaha Bee belongs, dearly as it loves a lie, loves better to make a partly told truth do a lie's work.

FARM NOTES.

Hunt & Co., of Macon City, have slaughtered 6,000 hogs this season, at a cost of \$72,000.

Bassett & Babcock, of Paris, have bought 100,000 pounds of tobacco, at \$2 to \$10 a hundred.

A. B. Matthews, of Mayfield, La. Tuesday, shipped a splendid lot of hogs to St. Louis. There were 53 head, averaging 250 pounds.

The Columbia Herald says that mules from 14 to 14½ heads, are selling at \$65 to \$75; from 14½ to 15, at \$75 to \$80; in Boone county, Market daily.

Ben. Gillespie, four miles above Wellington, lost three steers last Saturday night, by the falling of a straw-wind, which crushed them to death.

In Macon City, pork is selling at \$6 a hundred; gross; corn at 60 cents a bushel; potatoes at 50 cents; butter at 25 cents a pound; eggs 25 cents a dozen.

D. A. Long passed through town last Saturday, with nearly 100 young Berkshire pigs, belonging to Wm. Oron, near Berlin, and bound north to be sold.

Carrollton mitters retail at \$2.50; \$3.00 a hundred; meat at \$1 a bushel; ship-stuff, \$1 to \$1.25 a hundred; and bran at 90 cents. They pay 80 to 90 cents for wheat, and 75 cents for shelled corn.

The other day David Ball, of Carrollton, shipped seven cars of cattle, one car of hogs and one of sheep and lambs. Among the cattle were two premium steers, which weighed 4,200. Last to best.

The Columbia Herald says that 16,000 hogs, averaging 200 pounds, have been marketed by the farmers of Boone county this season. These hogs were valued at \$200,000, on the whole, the sellers realized a clear profit of \$60,000.

STATE NEWS.

Wm. Shaffer, indicted at Houston, December 10.

Miss Belle Bouldin is the lady Major Gentry married.

Small-pox liberally distributing nature, from phizias in St. Louis.

Henry Shaw, of the famous botanical garden, has been dangerously ill.

The total vote on the Constitutional Convention runs up 111,320, and 111,018 against.

Great complaints of brutal treatment of the convicts in the penitentiary at Jefferson City.

Mr. Pratt, superintendent of the St. Louis gas-works, was killed by an explosion a few days ago.

120 deaths in St. Louis, last week; 21 of them, children under 5 years; 21 of them from small-pox.

It is reported that the M. & K. T. railroad making shops at Sedalia are to be removed to Kansas.

Corn, in Miami, \$4 a barrel. At this rate, it would pay to empty the tight boots of some of her young bucks.

The mortality of St. Joe people is remarkable. The Herald has had a notice of the death of some prominent citizen in almost every issue for the last two months.

The Montgomery Standard says Col. Pat. Dyer carries the Democratic party of this county to his breeches pocket. Would it then rather die? Under such dire circumstances?

Gambie, the absconding public administrator of St. Louis, was led into trouble by attempting to sue himself, for over one of his own proceedings.

A. Comstock and Oliver White, "prominent citizens" of St. Joe, went dead, Monday. It's strange that none but "prominent citizens," eminent for wealth, virtue and piety, ever die up there.

The Red St. Joe Herald says: "The St. Louis Dispatch is endeavoring to 'ape' Dwyer in his 'breeches pocket.' We had been aware, for some time, that the Dispatch was becoming an excellent paper."

Thos. E. Sturgeon, a bright and promising fourteen-year-old son of Isaac H. Sturgeon, former president of the North Missouri railroad, was run over by a street car, and instantly killed, Friday night, last week.

"M. H. R." who met with such marked success at St. Louis, Sedalia and Kansas City, also went to St. Joe, but the ignorance up there can't appreciate a good thing and her audience was miserably small and insignificant.

The Columbia Herald replies to a paragraphic lecture from the Caucasian, and indignantly denies that it ever publishes the advertisement of the infamous fraud and swindle, known as the Kentucky Library Association Gift Concert.

Mrs. Alice Fore, of St. Louis, the divorced wife of Joseph Fore, who killed Beach, and who is now serving out a term in the penitentiary, for trying to kill her with a hatchet, has married Mr. Benjamin, one of the witnesses in the case.

Dr. Daniel Read has been elected, president of the State University for another year. He is not a popular man and much criticism has been passed upon the action of the board. Dr. Lettich, of St. Louis, was his only opponent and was barely beaten.

Somebody has said that our venerable friend and brother in holy bonds, Dr. A. Y. Hall, of the Sedalia Democrat, would make a good delegate to the constitutional convention. Right. We say send him. No better or more efficient man. Send him and Henry Wallace from this district.

Thus Kierulff tells of the untimely death of a horse belonging to arewell, Bro. Crawford, one by one the roses fall. The Barry county Tulpole organ, The Advocate, has "splendid, gone up the spout, where the twice gentle woodchuck, Sweet be his non-existence. Requiescat."

A correspondent in the Columbus Statesman, of December 11, in speaking of the senatorship says: "Shall it be Phelps, or Cockrell, or Vett? If either, Why? Or shall it be Rollins, Polk, Willard P. Hall, or Norton? If not, Why?" He expects an answer from the friends and opposers of each of these gentlemen, he might as well prepare to live a century, and then he wouldn't be heart it all.

The Carrollton Journal, of December 18, says: "No railroad company has offered the people of Marshall an opportunity to take stock for a month. Hang these railroads—the moon thieves. Why these railroads, which have made the people a man for loving a horse? If the plundered people had their railroad money expended in making good county wagon roads, they would be just so much better off."

Here is what the Jefferson City Tribune has to say about a motion-headed old man who was denounced for a hamper: "El Perkins came, and has gone. The Perkins made money out of him, which is about the only benefit derived from his presence. El spoke for about an hour, and compressed about as much waste within that limited time as an ordinary horse clover could have done. El is sharp; he knows that one lecture is all that Jefferson City could stand. El had a book to sell, but as he did not sell it before the lecture, he didn't think it necessary to offer it afterwards."

In compliance with the almost universal demand of our brethren of the press, we shall probably, next week, furnish them a brief but vigorous biographical sketch of George Frame, of the Bonville Advertiser—A fellow, who joined the Presbyterian church in Independence, to ingratiate himself with a girl—Whose dog, carrying debts as an alms, was a constant reminder to her of her husband's infidelity. It is that of being the most successful liar and cheat, that ever lived in the land of Jefferson City.

It is reported that McArthur, of Philadelphia, has declined the appointment of Supervising Architect for the Government, and that the appointment has been tendered to Thomas Walsh, of St. Louis, who is now superintending the erection of the Post-Office and Custom-House.

In the Methodist Judicial conference at Chicago, Wednesday, the case of Rev. T. J. Workman, expelled from the Rock River conference for immorality, was disposed of by granting Workman a new trial. This, it will be remembered, is the minister whose wife was reported for the murder of another woman in Durkin, Ill.

The Chertsey Ross mystery is about to be unfolded. Two burglars, William Mosher and Joseph Douglas, were shot on the night of the 13th, while trying to enter the house of a gentleman on Long Island. Mosher was instantly killed, but Douglas lived and in that time confessed that he and his accomplice were the authors of the long-lost child, but said Mosher had concealed him and had kept the place of concealment to himself. Both men have been identified, and there is no doubt that they were the perpetrators of the great wrong. The Philadelphia police now think there is a chance to recover the boy, but the anxiety of Mosher may forever preclude success. This would only make the case sadder.

THE CHADLE.

Born in this city, December 11, to the wife of Ed. Zeller, a son—11 pounds.

THE ALTAR.

Married—Rev. Mr. Maxwell, December 10, Mr. Henry Jones, and Miss M. H. Harrison.

At the residence, in Annapolis, December 18, Rev. J. M. Kelley, Mr. Wm. Robinson and Miss Mollie Ward.

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GENERAL NEWS.

Congress has appointed a committee to investigate the Vicksburg disaster.

The masculine population of Omaha are known as Omaha-men; and the females, as Omaha-women.

Proceedings have been commenced for the foreclosure of the affairs of the Chicago, Vincennes and Danville railroad.

King Katskash, who is a piece of canned Sandwich, had an interview with Grant and the cabinet last Wednesday.

The death of a man in England, to be made ailing instead of swinging, a method calculated to give more trouble to burglars.

Forest City, Arkansas, which was almost destroyed about time, was by fire, was destroyed, up by same cause last Wednesday.

Boston has been blazing again. A fire broke out Wednesday morning, and burned a large number of frame buildings. Loss about \$250,000.

The losses by the Plymouth street fire in Boston aggregated \$300,000. Insurance, \$141,000. The losses by the Charleston fire aggregated \$141,000.

Prof. Judd, who attempted to walk five hundred miles in New York in six days and a half, failed on the three hundred and sixty-sixth mile.

Senator Wright has introduced into Congress a joint resolution proposing that the President and Vice-President be elected by a direct vote of the people.

A Texas man who died the other day, left the sum of five thousand dollars, as a fund to defray the expenses of the funeral of his wife, who died of cholera.

El Perkins, the state senator or ex-senator, who is a piece of canned Sandwich, is a proponent of our Missouri papers after uttering and failure, as a lecturer.

The five children of John Doherty, of Freehills, New Jersey, are up in age from six to eleven, were drowned last Sunday while playing on the ice with a sled.

Chas. Fischer, a saloon-keeper at Cahokia, six miles below St. Louis, on the Illinois side of the river, blew the top of John Robins' head off with a shotgun, Sunday night.

An effort was made in New Orleans last Monday to introduce six colored girls into the public high schools, which resulted in the withdrawal of over fifty of the graduating class.

The Bostonian exhibitor, and prodigious at an early age, (out of them, Jesse Pomroy, a boy fifteen years old, has been found guilty and convicted of murder in the first degree.

Grant has appointed D. H. Farney, United States District Judge for Louisiana. Instead of Walker Fearn as reported. He takes the place so long and so innocently disgraced by old Durcl.

George Labar, aged one hundred and thirteen years, has just died in St. Louis. He was a native of New York, and had lived in St. Louis for many years.

Five-thousand of the iron furnaces of the United States west of the Alleghenies have stopped work. 20,000 men in Pittsburgh alone thrown out of employment by the loss out of the iron manufacturers.

Keffog, the hated pirate of Louisiana, is producing all sorts of horrid atrocities in the state. He thinks it will not be long till the streets of New Orleans will run red with the blood of his victims.

The Boston Herald says that frauds of great magnitude have been discovered in the Charleston navy-yard, and that the officials concerned therein have been suspended pending the investigation in Washington.

The rail factory, rolling mill, machine shops, and all buildings on the south side of the river, at Annapolis, New York, belonging to the J. & J. Rogers' Iron company, were burned Tuesday morning. Loss about \$125,000.

It is now proposed to build a Texas Pacific railroad. Tom Scott is believed to be the man who has the plan which he thinks a good one. The route he proposes to adopt is far superior to any other, involving no delay on account of snow.

The board of managers of the Methodist Missionary Society, met in New York Tuesday, to conclude the business of the year. Very large appropriations were made for the relief of the districts devastated by the grasshopper plagues.

It is reported that McArthur, of Philadelphia, has declined the appointment of Supervising Architect for the Government, and that the appointment has been tendered to Thomas Walsh, of St. Louis, who is now superintending the erection of the Post-Office and Custom-House.

In the Methodist Judicial conference at Chicago, Wednesday, the case of Rev. T. J. Workman, expelled from the Rock River conference for immorality, was disposed of by granting Workman a new trial. This, it will be remembered, is the minister whose wife was reported for the murder of another woman in Durkin, Ill.

The Chertsey Ross mystery is about to be unfolded. Two burglars, William Mosher and Joseph Douglas, were shot on the night of the 13th, while trying to enter the house of a gentleman on Long Island. Mosher was instantly killed, but Douglas lived and in that time confessed that he and his accomplice were the authors of the long-lost child, but said Mosher had concealed him and had kept the place of concealment to himself. Both men have been identified, and there is no doubt that they were the perpetrators of the great wrong. The Philadelphia police now think there is a chance to recover the boy, but the anxiety of Mosher may forever preclude success. This would only make the case sadder.

THE CHADLE.

Born in this city, December 11, to the wife of Ed. Zeller, a son—11 pounds.

THE ALTAR.

Married—Rev. Mr. Maxwell, December 10, Mr. Henry Jones, and Miss M. H. Harrison.

At the residence, in Annapolis, December 18, Rev. J. M. Kelley, Mr. Wm. Robinson and Miss Mollie Ward.

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